

The first light is a
blue door left ajar against
the midriff of a galaxy.

This light is our
consequential inheritance
and we are exacting in
our worship of it.

It is a god, a rubric for
everything else.
Our smoke rises in
offering with the

tangential buildings
as they appear to galvanize
the day moon like
a cattle prod.

What our eyes see
is always hyperbole.
We are nothing more
than borrowed beings

of happenstance
with guts full of glasphalt,
waiting for the pitfalls

of our lives to erode
us open like a cancer.
Only then do we truly
reflect our faith.

When our elongated
shadows soften at
the edges and fail us.

And we are inside out,
a refraction of light, a dutiful prayer,
loaned out and lithesome.

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Billy Burgos is a 36 year old Illustrator/Designer from Los Angeles, CA. He was selected by Beyond Baroque in 2009 as an up and coming poet in the Los Angeles Poetry Festival. Billy serves as a curator on staff at Gotpoetry.com. His poetry has appeared in numerous anthologies as well as print and online journals such as lung and killpoet. He is at present working on his first collection that deals with the days surrounding the death of his father to liver failure.